

# HOG WASH

BOOK ELEVEN

Photo Stories  
by  
David G. Seibold





**HOG WASH**  
**Book Eleven**

A series of photographic stories

By David G. Seibold

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## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I would like thank my wife, Shari Seibold, for all of her encouragement and patience.

Hog Wash is an ongoing series. This is book eleven which means, follow me now, there were ten before it. Currently, photos and stories are going into book thirty-three. So, there is a bunch and I probably won't be around long enough to publish all of them whatever all of them turns out to be. I've slowed down a bit on the stories due to time. I generate material for a book about every 50-90 days.

Full resolution photos used in this book can be found at [davidseibold.us](http://davidseibold.us).

Disclaimer: Almost none of the stories in this book are true. As you read this book, keep in mind that I have made an attempt to include something for everyone. Some people are always looking for errors. So, if you find any, please remember that they are there for a reason.

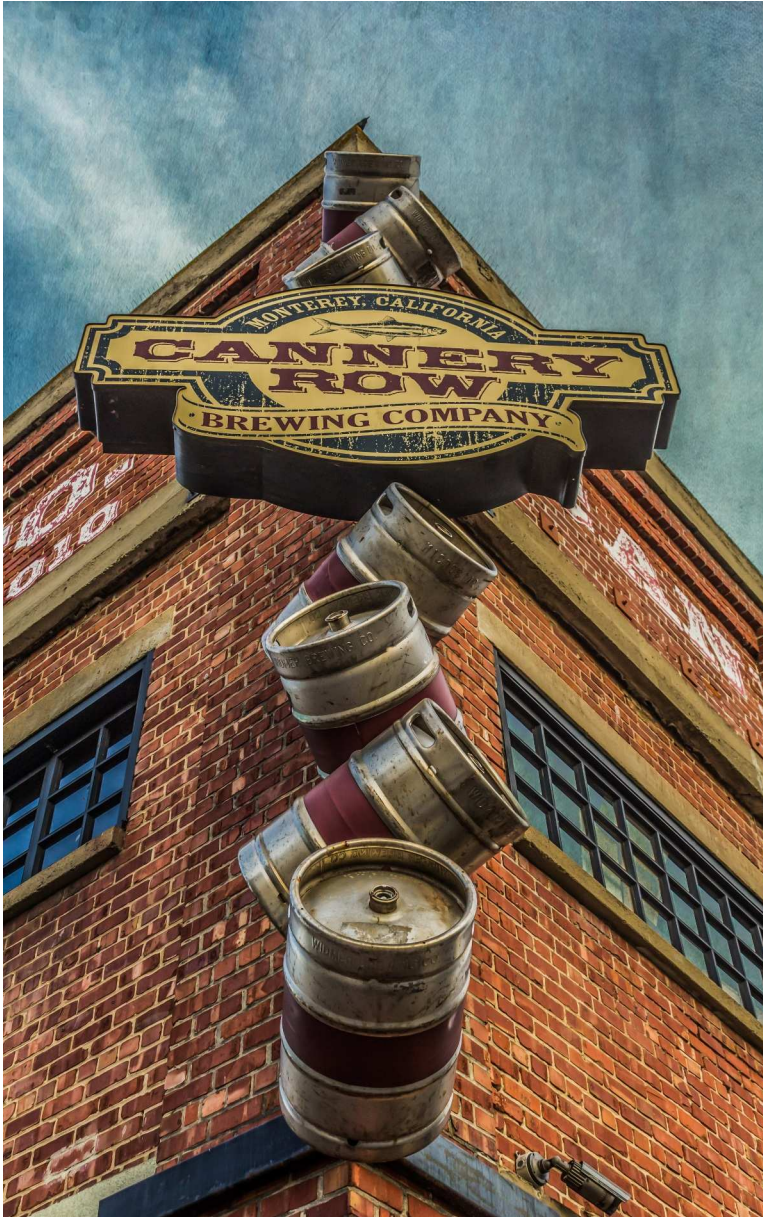
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## Cannery Row Brewing Company



I love brick buildings. I love old signs. I love barrels. I love crows peering over rooftops. A little stroll through Cannery Row found all these ingredients in one scene. Lucky me!

Monterey, California 2015



## Cracked



This is the last place Doby Mick, the man killer, was seen. In Doby's defense, it wasn't a premeditated act. As was his custom, Doby flew up on the roof with a rather large clam where he dropped it on the weathered planks to crack the shell. Unfortunately, Bill McGregory walked out of the door just after Doby dropped the clam and the clam cracked Bill's skull. That's all she wrote for Bill. Indoor restrooms were added shortly after the incident.

Monterey, California 2015

## Against The Odds



Bubba "The Gimp" had a very anxious childhood. All the other shrimp cracked jokes at his expense because he was born without the normal five pairs of swimmerets, three pairs of maxillipeds and only had two pair of walking legs. Thus, the nickname, "The Gimp". As it turned out, the lack of appendages worked in Bubba's favor when he became a model.

Monterey, California 2015



Louie, Louie



This is about as close as I get to shellfish, otherwise, my throat swells shut and breathing becomes difficult. It's not just shellfish, it's anything out of the water; frogs, fish, mermaids. Shari wonders if perhaps I've outgrown the allergy since I haven't had an accidental issue in many years. I suggested we find someone with the same allergy and see if they swell up. I'm not interested in being the test subject.

Monterey, California 2015

## On The Hunt



This is the time of the evening when Cockro Ach and his pals come out of their hiding places. They don't even need camo to avoid being seen. Tonight's menu includes dumpsters around a few prominent alleys. Should be good eating.

Bakersfield, California 2015

## Another Cat



Old Swen Seventoes has seen some really great movies here. It's not a movie house, but, by the time Swen gets his tank on, he's seeing all kinds of stuff.

Bakersfield, California 2015

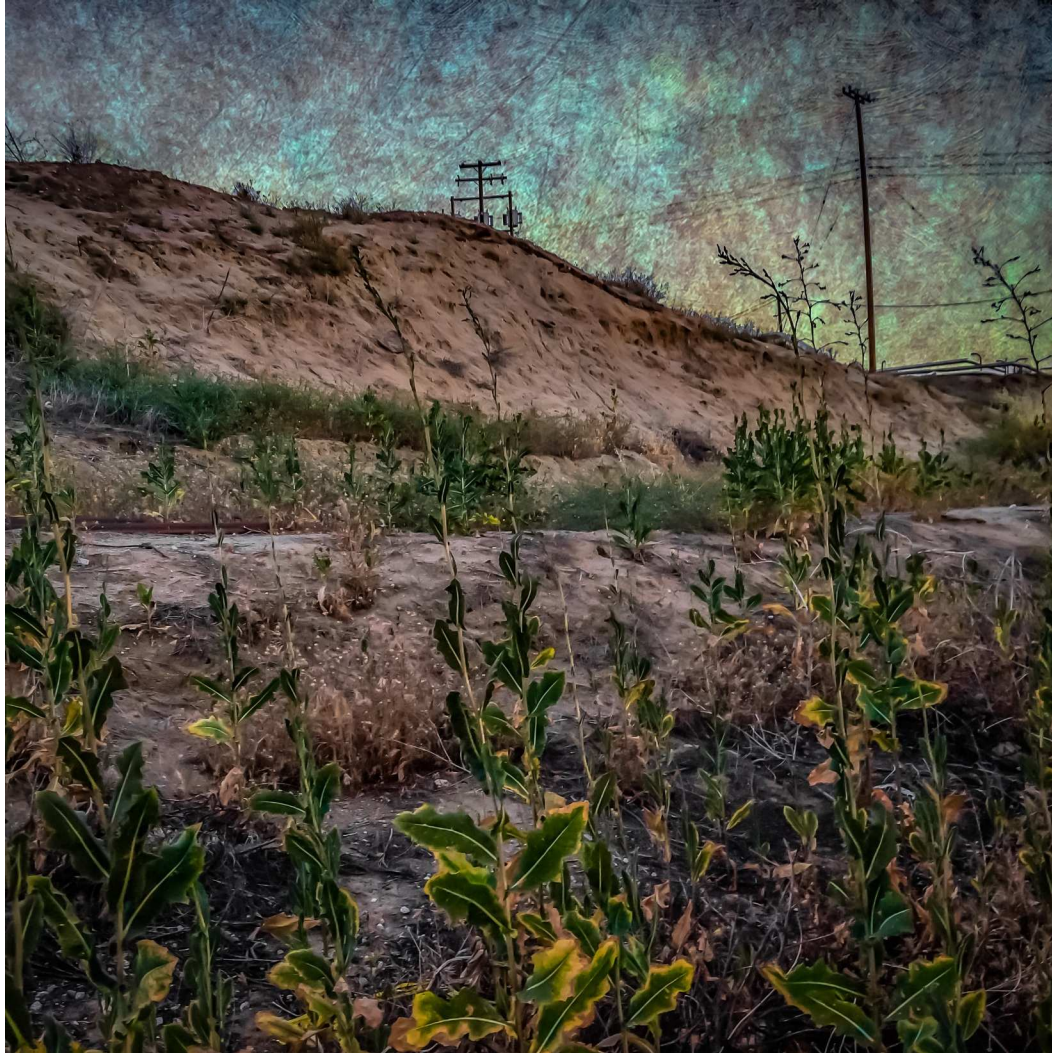


## After Rush (B/W)



This corner gets my attention at least every 3,000 miles. That's when I have the oil changed on the truck. Years ago, I would change my own oil, but, now, I run the risk of not being able to get up off the creeper. Not because I can't get off the creeper, but, because I'll fall asleep and then the neighborhood feral cats would eat me.

## Everyone Wins



Hilda the garter snake loves to hide in these weeds next to the parking lot. When someone parks their car, Hilda slithers out, coils up and cranks her ipod with rattlesnake background sounds. She's gotten some really cool pictures of frightened expressions.

Bakersfield, California 2015



## Always The Wrong Way



Shari and I were in Santa Rosa, California recently. We made a trip down the road to Petaluma to look at a very cool historic downtown area. In fact, we hit Petaluma again for breakfast and a walk about on our way back home two days later.

Petaluma, California 2015

## Hidden, But Not



This is why you should look up, look down, look behind and walk the alleys of cities. There are always little gems tucked away that you would otherwise miss.

Petaluma, California 2015



## Time Has Come Today



It's been over 50 years since I last visited this town. I remember when 5 years seemed like an eternity. The older I get, the quicker things seem to happen. I'm running out of time.

Santa Rosa, California 2015

## Deceptively Peaceful

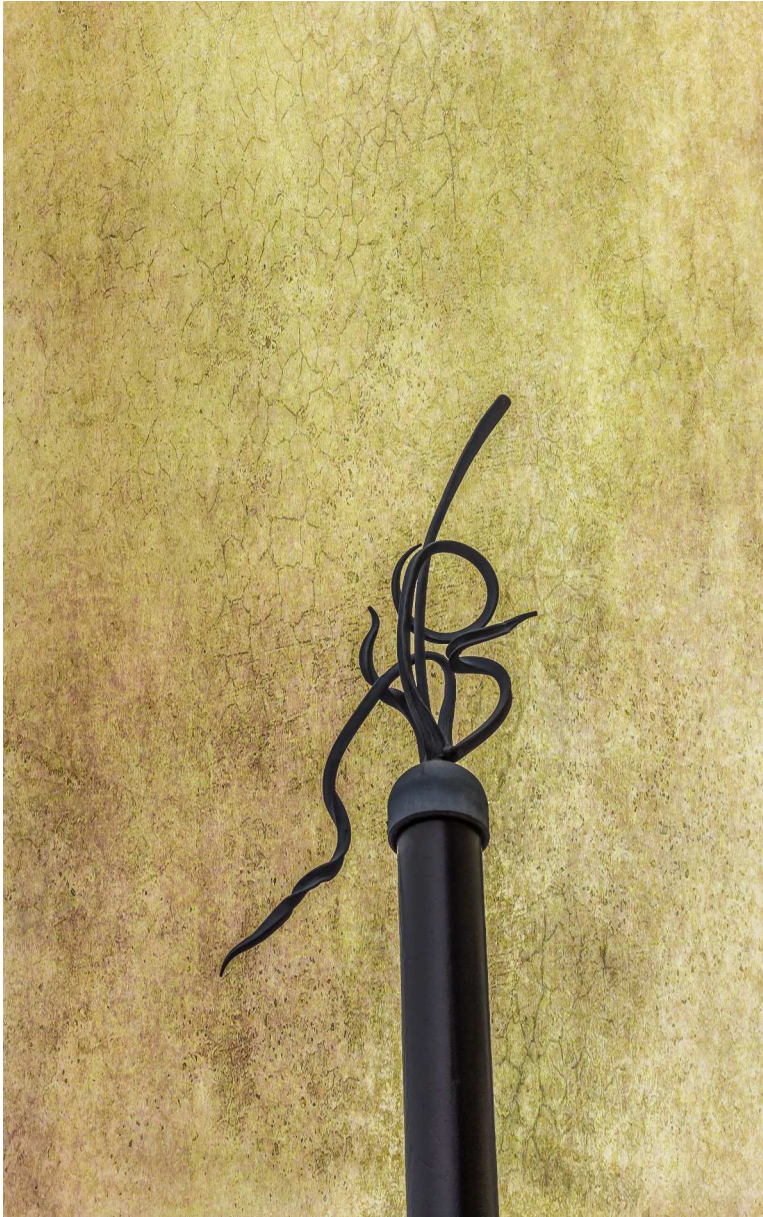


Don't let the serenity of this scene fool you. Two minutes after snapping this shot, the place was inundated with walkers. Noisy walkers. Grunting, groaning, sweaty, red-faced walkers dragging their appendages behind them. Instinctively, I reached for a sharp, pointy object to defend myself.

Laguna de Santa Rosa Trail, Sebastopol, California 2015



## Twisted

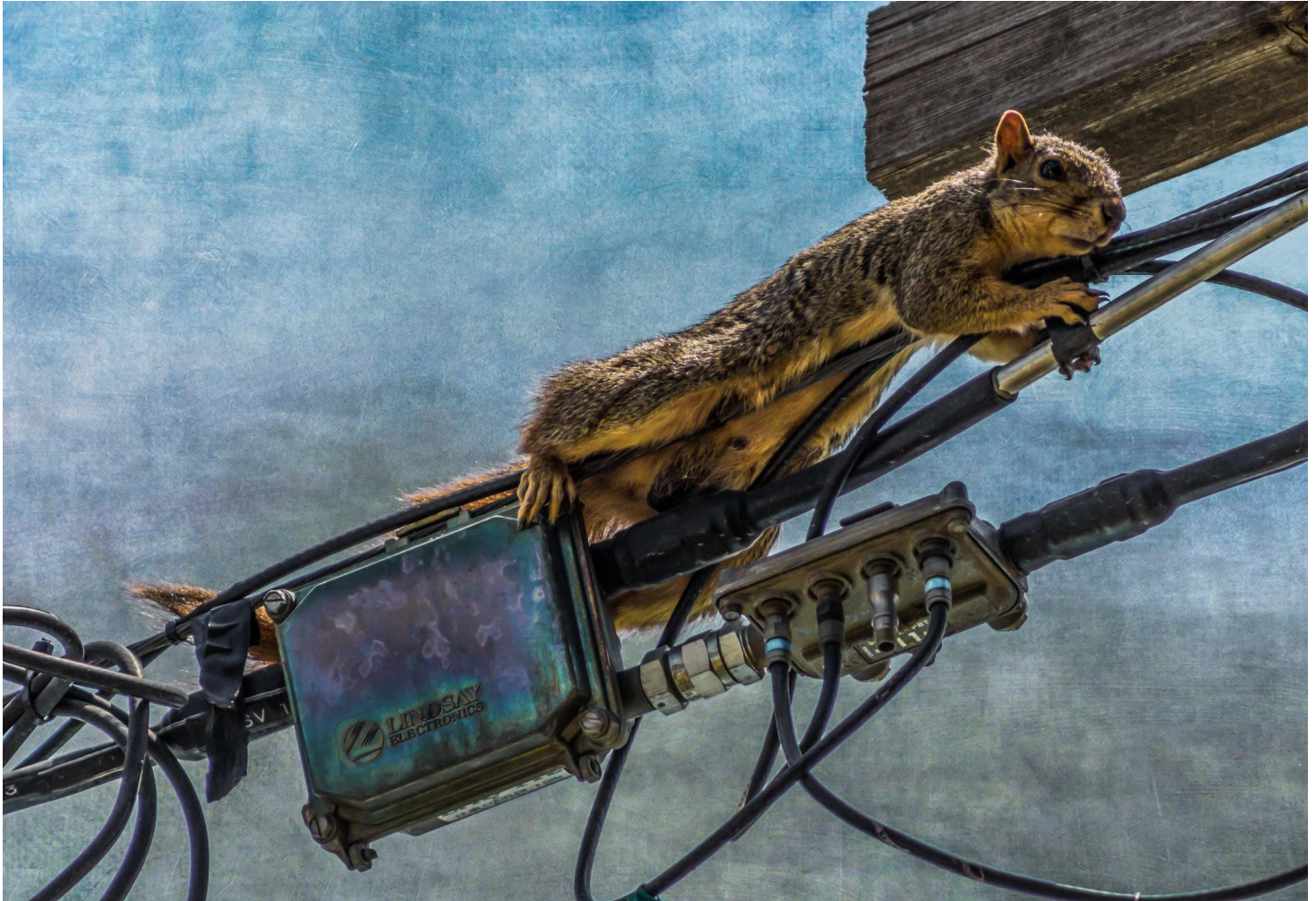


I was too busy soaking in the city sites to notice if this piece had a placard or something attributing the art work. My bad. Okay, I'm assuming it is a piece of art, right? Maybe it was a lightning strike!

Petaluma, California 2015



## Cable Guy Revisited



Size matters. When you are the size of this squirrel, you can hang out just about anywhere you want. It's not uncommon to see rats walking the wires between telephone poles in some neighborhoods, but, I believe in our neighborhood we only see squirrels.

Of course, we get the occasional opossum walking the fence or a kit fox prowling the streets, but, mainly squirrels. Squirrels love to steal birdseed, peanuts, chew on PVC conduit and make dogs bark. Squirrels really enjoy making dogs bark! They leap from the wire to a tree to a tree to the roof while the dogs run themselves silly. You can hear the squirrels giggling as they scamper off to another yard.



## Took A Drive



Shari and I generally run around together to shoot photos, but, she has been madly working on a photo deadline when she has time and Friday was also a girls-only dinner, so, I took full advantage of the time to make a run up a mountain road. My plan was to catch the sunset, but, I also wanted to look around a bit before light fall. Kern County is in it's normal "the grass is dead" mode which can be a good nine months of the year and wildflowers are very scarce except a few in the higher elevations. I didn't make it to sunset, but, I was happy with what I got to see.

Breckenridge Road, Kern County, California 2015



## Two



Do you ever go somewhere you have never been and realize you didn't need to go? I've lived in the San Joaquin Valley since 1960 and never once visited Tupman. I'm not belittling Tupman. I'm sure it has something that draws residents. However, for me, the most interesting thing was just outside town. My brain works funny when it does work!

near Tupman, California 2015



## Hibernate



Cars, trucks, motorcycles, even bicycles move relatively fast with respect to the ground compared to walking. More things are noticed at a slower pace, it seems. For instance, the pile of what appears to be rocks in this photo seems to be stationary. However, if you observe for a week or two, you will notice that the "rocks" occasionally move an inch or two, up, down and sideways. It all depends on when Steve the Stegosaurus yawns. He's been in hibernation for a long time, but, appears to be slowly waking.

Breckenridge Road, Kern County, California 2015



## Juncture



Bicyclist are tough. The AMGEN Tour of California has been through our area a few times and it never ceases to amaze me how they totally ignore cables and barbed-wire fences. You would think they would stop and lift their bikes over or under the obstacles, but, no, they just barrel through. Usually the first ten or so competitors pile up at the fence and the rest of the pack rides right over them easily clearing the fences. I wonder if they take turns piling up at the fences? I understand females go nuts over barbed-wire pricked bodies in our area. Maybe that's got something to do with the self-inflicted mutilation.

(Disclaimer: the above is all fiction. The local women insist on tattoos and barbed-wire pricks).

Breckenridge Road, Kern County, California 2015



## Lookout



Every so often in the 1800s, teenagers of the Paleuyami indian tribe would wander out of Walker Basin and sit on these rocks overlooking the San Joaquin Valley. Back then, the air was so clear, they could just make out the dome of the capitol building in Sacramento, California.

Breckenridge Road, Kern County, California 2015

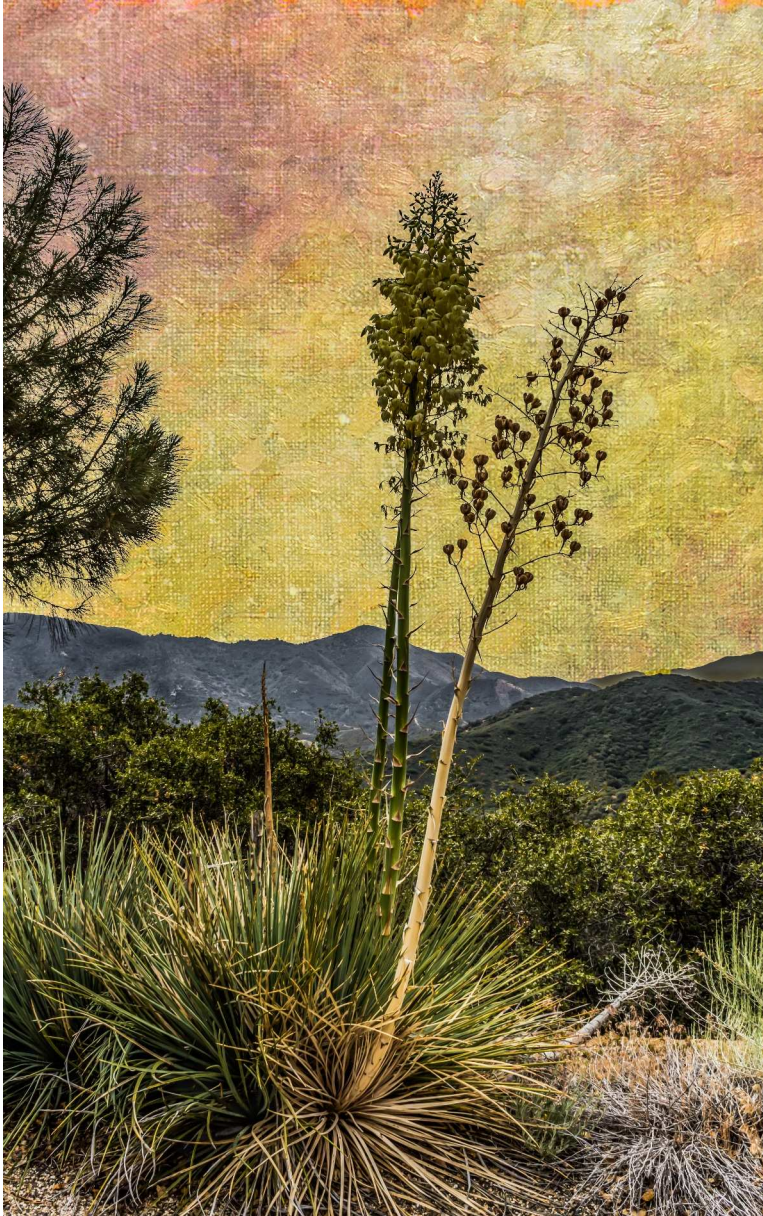
## Quiet (B/W)



I took the long winding road to crest a mountain near Bakersfield, California. The elevation isn't a lot, something like 7,548 ft (2,301 m), but, that's enough to get into some pines and cooler air. The drive was short; maybe 30 miles. Traffic was very light. I don't think this mountain sees the visitors that others in the area do. Except when it's tree squirrel hunting season. Then, there are people and guns all over the place. Evidently, squirrel is pretty tasty to some folks.



## Rolling In The Hills



The east side of Breckenridge Road doesn't give vehicles much room to pull off the road. So, when something catches my interest, I pause and shoot out the window. Most of the time that's okay since the traffic is light.

Breckenridge Road, Kern County, California  
2015



## Fire and Brimstone



Shari and I made a trek over to Carpinteria, California and as is our custom, stopped at the Fillmore Fish Hatchery. They have restrooms and fish and birds, but, mainly restrooms. At one end of the hatchery, is a pool which is fed from the hatchery. That's where the egrets, herons, ducks and assorted waterfowl hang out on the chance that something other than water escapes the hatchery. One male duck was very interested in a female duck and proceeded to uncerimoniously share his affections. This egg was on the ground and I'm not sure if it was there during the scuffle or before. It was moving when I noticed it. So, it could have popped out or been disturbed. That red glow is the aftermath of the male duck spontaneously combusting when the female finally had had enough!

Fillmore, California 2015



## First Friday



A lot of towns have what is called First Friday. The first Friday of every month calls for a downtown gathering of folks for food, music and art. Everyone shows up for a festive time. Everyone!

Santa Barbara Zoo, Santa Barbara, California 2015



## Curious



Giraffe: "No! Get out of here. Really? You just posted my photo on the internet? What does posted mean? What's the internet? Really? So like other people can see me? Was my hair straight? I didn't have anything in my teeth did I? How about my cousin in San Diego? Can he see me? This is just amazing! The gorillas are going to be so jealous!"

Santa Barbara Zoo, California 2015



## Window Dressing



Found occupying a store window. I'm not sure, but, it appeared they vibrated every time someone walked by wearing a ring.

Santa Barbara, California 2015



## Stoned



Billy Bob Golo was a direct descendant of the Olog-hai created by Sauron. You know, that evil guy in the Lord of the Rings. What that meant was that he wouldn't turn to stone in the daylight. Generally, that's what happens to trolls.

Well, Billy Bob's best friend happened to be Dracula the Younger, son of Dracula. You didn't know Dracula had a son? Anyway, Billy Bob and DY always played at night because that's what vampires do. So, Billy Bob always slept during the daylight hours.

Well, one night Billy Bob went into town to wait for DY and DY didn't show. Billy Bob fell asleep on a bench and when daylight came, Billy Bob found out he wasn't a descendent of the Olog-hai. True story.

Santa Barbara, California 2015

Never



There is a rumor circulating that photographers are infamous for disregarding warnings. Really? Yep. Of course, I wouldn't know anything about that.

Hwy 101, Santa Barbara County, California 2015



## Casting



Now somewhere in the black mountain hills north of Santa Barbara, California adjacent to the Pacific Ocean, there used to be a well travelled road named California State Route 1. Bits and pieces of the road still exist like the overpass being shadowed here. In this particular spot, south of Gaviota, that's it, just the overpass.

Santa Barbara County, California 2015



## The Gap



Doris and Don Fisher drove this road in 1968 while on another goose chase for a good-fitting pair of jeans for Don. They spent a lot of time running around trying to find jeans for Don. It was on this road that Doris and Don agreed the only way Don could consistently find good-fitting jeans would be to open their own store. That settled it. They were discussing store names when they came around the corner, saw this view and both said, "We'll call the store The Gap!" A year later, the first Gap was opened

Painted Cave Road, Santa Barbara County, California 2015



## Along For The Ride



The last thing George the butterfly remembered was flying out of a cotton field and his mother screaming, "don't play in the road!"

(drive-by phone shot)

Bakersfield, California 2015



## Shattered

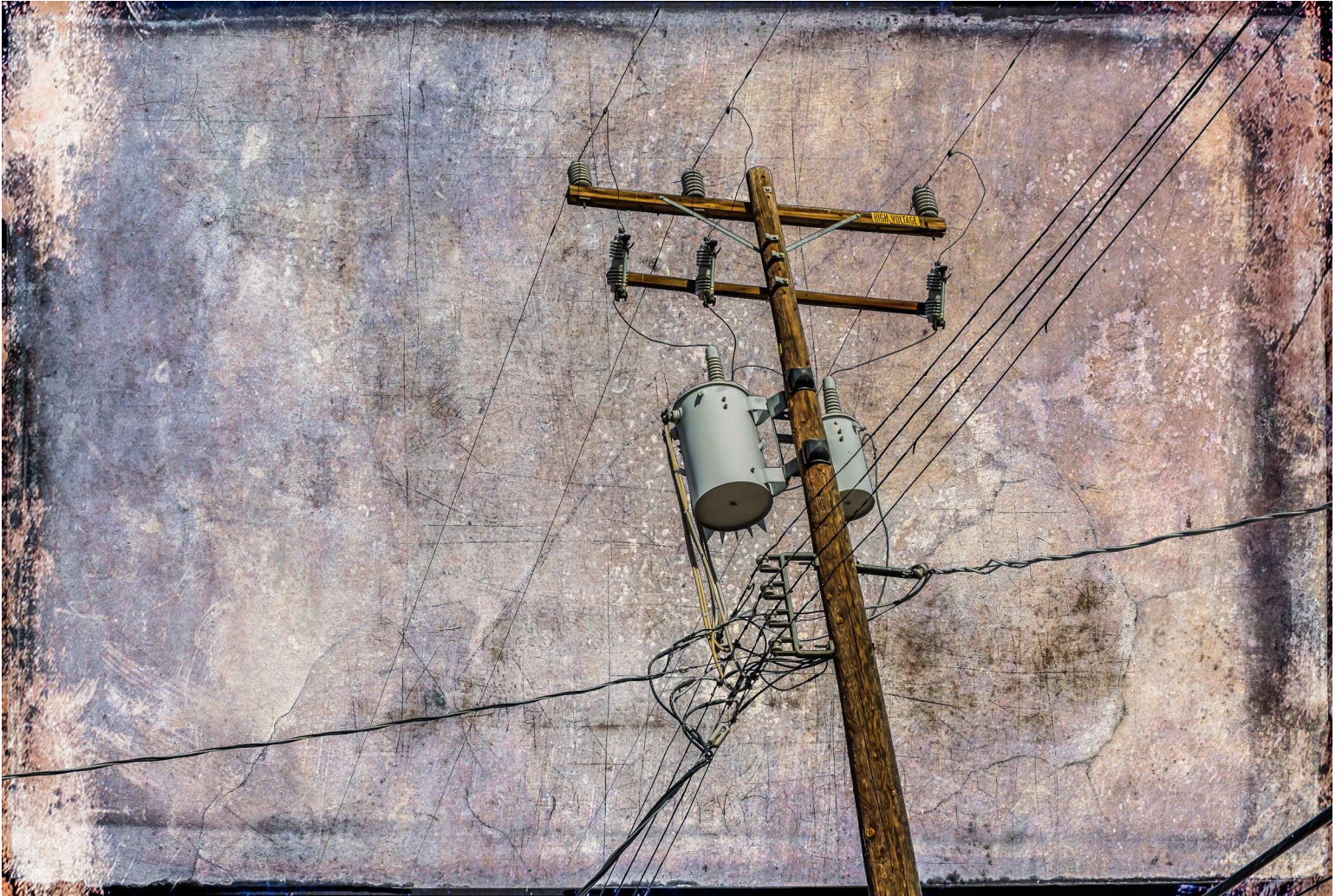


Things just pop into my head. Sometimes it gets me in trouble because I vocalize before thinking about the consequences. Usually, it's an off-the-cuff smart ass comment. I can't help it if you don't have a sense of humor! Not a lot offends me. I tend to think other folks have the same attitude. They don't. My mistake. But, I'm not changing for you. Like I said, things just pop into my head!

Bakersfield, California 2015



## The View Is Cluttered



I don't know about your town, but, we had a couple of guys named Ed I. Son and P. G. Ande, who stuck poles in the ground all over ours. Then they took wire and strung it from one pole to another on ceramic or glass posts. If that wasn't distracting enough, they came back and put what looks like metal cylinders and all kinds of metal hardware on the poles. Every time you look up, you see a menagerie of wires and hear, usually, a faint buzzing sound. I've learned that if the buzzing gets extremely loud, it's time to clear out of the area because the buzzing, quite frequently, transforms into a loud pop and bright light. Sometime, I might try to count the number of poles. There's a ton of them!



## Escape



This is the remains of a long ago experiment called rooftop cattle ranching. It was the brainchild of Robert Knotallthere's. The venture didn't work very well. The cattle kept climbing down the fire escape to frequent the local bars. Robert would get a call around 2 AM every morning to come pay the tab and fetch his cattle. One thing everyone did agree on, though, was that Robert's herd was the best rye and barley-fed meat they had ever eaten!

Bakersfield, California 2015



## Shed Them



Philip lost his wings in this alley. He promised his boss to never help Mary Lou run away from home again and he failed. He couldn't help himself. Mary Lou was very persuasive. All she needed to say was, "I want an ice cream and I'll buy you one too!" Philip would melt every time because Mary Lou was 83, had dementia and the only coherent thought she had was about ice cream.

Bakersfield, California 2015



## Refurbished



This area used to be a park with a twenty foot wide dirt canal running through it. All the ducks and geese got together a few years ago and decided they wanted something a little more pleasant to paddle around in. Well, the geese, being pretty vocal, were able to convince the city that a change was needed. If I remember correctly, the geese were locked in a room with the city council for about thirty minutes. That's all the time the council could stand and they promised the geese they would make a change. Now, if it wasn't for the fact that some water company needs the water somewhere out of town, this new modification would be empty of water like the Kern River that used to run through town.

Bakersfield, California 2015



## Mixed Signals



Xeon rode his bicycle every day. He didn't own a motorized vehicle. The car went to his ex. Owning a bicycle meant he didn't have the expenses associated with a motorized vehicle like insurance, gas, maintenance. He saved a lot of money. Unfortunately, on the day the 18-wheeler backed into him, he had also neglected to change his beneficiaries and his ex also got his life insurance and 401K.

Blacktop Cyclery, Bakersfield, California 2015



## Rusty The Mongrel



I took Rusty out this morning to do a little mountain lion surveillance. We didn't encounter any wildlife at all other than a bird or two. I'm going to have to teach Rusty to be a little quieter when on the hunt. He tends to thump that rock he always carries with him. Nothing scares Rusty. I've seen him stare down bears, mountain lions, bobcats and mule deer. Rusty always wins.

Camp Nelso, California 2015



## Out The Window



I'm on the second level of brother and sister-in-law's cabin. The terrain is very steep. If an animal had the inclination to do so, they could jump from the oak tree through the window and say hello. Shari and I came up yesterday to help gather some items for our oldest daughter and granddaughter's apartment. They are moving out after a little over a year-in-a-half with us. Are we excited? Absolutely!

Evidence of the California drought is haunting in these mountains. Hundreds of huge pine trees are brown, dead or dying. Really sad. I would like to stay and pee on every tree to help out, but, it's just not practical right now.

Camp Nelson, California 2015



## Make The Jump



The Steel Girder Derby is open to all participants over the age of 55 who also participated in Pinewood Derbies when they were youngsters. This is specifically for people who thoroughly enjoyed their childhood racing experience.

The main body structure of participating racing vehicles must be made of steel. The width of the vehicle can not exceed 8 feet, length can not exceed 10 feet, weight can not exceed 6,000 lbs and height can not exceed 10 feet. The idea is to successfully jump from one building roof to another building roof.

Unfortunately for Homer Weldtacker, his chassis split in half as he left the starting building roof. Only half of his vehicle landed on the opposite roof.

Bakersfield, California 2015



## Still Standing



Buckey is one of the most well behaved pointing dogs I have ever run across. I know, I know. Buckey isn't really a dog, but, he thinks he is. Are you going to tell him he's not? The dude has been in this pose since 2007. Apparently, his owner, Wentz Wilson, suddenly keeled over while they were out for an evening walk. Buckey was specifically trained to spot pterodactyls and when he struck his pose, Wentz's heart gave out because he was pretty sure there were no living pterodactyls. Turns out, Willy Smuakin was walking around in a Big Bird costume.

Napa, California 2015



## Hands Of Time



Napa Valley doesn't just squish grapes to make wine. They make clocks also. Unfortunately, they usually make the clocks after sampling the wine.

Napa, California 2015



## Asia Cafe



Dexter McDoogle was a mean man. He kicked at dogs and yelled at kids. It is alleged that he actually took a butcher knife to a watermelon once. The only time Dexter was happy was when he was eating at the Asia Cafe where he turned into the sweetest, kindest man you could ever meet. The mood didn't last long. As soon as Dexter walked out of the cafe, he turned mean again.

Napa, California 2015

## Queen and Pawn



Those creeks and rivers that are always a joy to see north of San Francisco, California are either nonexistent or puddles now. Fields are brown. The trees, however, still look pretty good unlike what we are seeing in the Bakersfield, California area. Anyway, if things were green, we might have missed the artwork done by Oleg Lobkin and others north of Santa Rosa, California. One thing that is really depressing is the thought that if the Russian River Brewing Company is getting water locally, there might be a decrease in the amount of beer available. Drink it while you can!

Geyserville, California 2015



## Good Grub



We've only visited once and that was for breakfast, but, we'd go back.

Point Reyes, California 2015



## Whatever You Do



Don't piss off the local photographers! This boat sits on land now owned by a company specializing in wetlands restoration and preservation. The original owner of the land towed the boat to the sand bar on his property with the intent of restoring it. It didn't happen and once he sold the land, the restoration company decided that public relations were more important than restoration.

Inverness, California 2015



## Shine On



This lighthouse first blistered the skies with light on December 1, 1870. Two weeks later there was an unfortunate incident involving the light keeper, a bat, a wolf and some rats. The light keeper was last seen running toward San Francisco screaming, "I want you to believe...to believe in things that you cannot."

Fortunately, an immigrant, Count Miteeth, just happened to be in the vicinity and was looking for a night job; among other things. The Count hung around until the lighthouse was closed in 1975. At his going away party, there were lots of comments about the Count being long in the tooth and how maybe now, he could get some sun and maybe a tan!



## Stacked



When you visit Point Reyes National Seashore, you won't see these rocks because they have migrated north to an area between Tomales, California and Dillion Beach. The rocks got so tired of people raving about the sights of Point Reyes that they just couldn't take it any more. Rock envy!

Dillion Beach Road west of Tomales, California 2015



## Past Prime



Older citydwellers, let's say over 50, a lot of times don't get much exercise and when they explore outside the city, they find that some muscles object to the sudden requirement of movement. After a jaunt down and back to a low-lying lighthouse in Point Reyes National Seashore, a short jaunt from the motel to this field was all she wrote for the day.

Olema, California 2015



## Marker



Somewhere around 1801, Chief Marin of the Coast Miwok tribe, Licatiut, was out riding with his best buddy, Long Legs, his horse. The Chief hopped on Long Legs and let him wander wherever he wanted. When they arrived at this spot, Long Legs had made 237 directional changes, so, Chief Marin spent a couple of days making a marker. The Chief was kind of anal about counting things.

The above story is fictitious. The Chief didn't have a horse. He did, however, have an imaginary friend named Long Legs. That might explain why the Chief's feet were always so sore.

Mill Valley, California 2015



## Truth Be Known



Rex has been frequenting this bar for years. It was only today that it dawned on him what the peculiar aftertaste was in his drinks.

The above story is hog wash. The figment of a warped mind.

San Francisco, California 2015

## AFTERMATH

Shari and I really enjoy Washington State. We have passed a year and a half of residence and love that there are actually four seasons. Vegetation grows really fast in the Pacific Northwest, which, means I spend a lot of time outside whacking on things so we don't get overgrown. Naturally, the work takes away from the time I have to work on photos, but, at least for the moment, I can do the outside work. It's all good! By the way, we are having our property surveyed. Maybe, I'll have less stuff to whack outside!

If you are so inclined, hi-res versions of the photos included in the book are available at [davidseibold.us](http://davidseibold.us).

Thank you so much for taking time to read ***Hog Wash Book Eleven.***

Disclaimer: Remember, almost nothing in this book is true.







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